



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

America is to be told, then the hasty and blunt verdict upon it by Charles Hodge—"atheism"—the explanatory advocacy by Asa Gray, and the general hospitality towards it which was shown by Congregationalists, are of the first importance. But of these Dr. McGiffert says nothing. And it would seem as though it were not an unprofitable line of historical investigation to discuss why Congregationalists were as hospitable as they were. It would then appear that in the long development of "the New England Theology," technically so called, and in the Unitarian movement, Congregationalists had learned these great and liberating things—that the Calvinistic theology of Geneva was not final and authoritative, that much could be learned from adversaries, that the fundamental elements of religion are vital, spiritual processes (see N. W. Taylor, long anterior to Ritschl), and that progress in theology is to be expected and labored for. These were the preparation for evolution and biblical criticism, and for the dynamic rather than the static view of the universe.

We hope the book will pass to a second edition, and that Dr. McGiffert will extend his view to the fields suggested, and to others, and give us thus a still more vital history of the actual growth of our American system of thought, now in process of rapid development among us.

FRANK H. FOSTER.

OLIVET COLLEGE, OLIVET, MICHIGAN.

THE SEQUEL TO CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, 1830-1850. MONSIGNOR BERNARD WARD. Longmans & Co. 1915. Two Vols. Pp. Vol. I, xx, 296. Vol. II, viii, 328. \$6.00.

These volumes complete the *Memoires pour servir* in which the President of St. Edmund's has embodied the record of the English Catholics body from the death of Bishop Challoner (1781) to the establishment of the hierarchy (1850). The work has been done with accuracy, candor, and judgment. Mgr. Ward is to be congratulated on having brought to so successful an issue an undertaking which fills a gap in English Church history, and which both from his position and his family associations he was singularly qualified to carry out.

The political element in English Catholicism which had brought the Catholics into conflict with the Government disappeared after 1688. The disabilities under which they lay from an odious necessity had become an odious survival, injurious both to those who suffered under them and to those in whose supposed interest they were

maintained. The provincialism of English religion, Protestant and Catholic, not wholly extinct even to-day, is the result of the atmosphere of mutual suspicion and antagonism which prevailed among us for more than three hundred years. In 1829 the English Catholics were still, in the strict sense of the word, a missionary body. They were governed by four Vicars Apostolic, i.e. bishops holding delegate jurisdiction from the Pope and taking their titles from extinct sees *in partibus infidelium*—Dr. Wiseman e.g. was bishop of Meliopotamus, a city in Crete erected into a bishopric in the ninth century—and these quaint appellations made them appear more foreign than in fact they were. In many ways, indeed, they were *ultra* English—Milner, the author of the *End of Controversy*, in spite of his outlandish style, Bishop of Castabala, was a typical Georgian Tory and John Bull. The clergy, who had been originally chaplains attached either to the embassies or the great Catholic families, though they performed parochial duties, had neither the status nor the security of tenure of parish priests; and this anomaly, though its removal formed part of the project for reorganization put forward in 1815 by Bishop Poynter, remains to the present time. There was a quiet goodness in this old English Catholicism which had, and has, a peculiar charm. The ways of the Vicars Apostolic were simple and their lives retired. W. H. Brockfield describes “the R. C. Bishop of London”—so he styles Dr. Griffiths—as carrying his bag from the Piccadilly omnibus to his house in Golden Square. “A very pleasing, venerable, episcopal-looking man, very much like any other Bishop; save that none of ours would touch a carpet bag with his little finger.” This last touch has perhaps ceased to apply. But the times had got beyond them. The Irish immigration; the convert movement; the greater facilities of communication with Rome, which increased centralization and made the intervention of Propaganda in English affairs more frequent than had formerly been possible—all this produced a situation with which these modest home-bred prelates were scarcely qualified to deal. Their want of acquaintance with the forms of the Roman Curia prejudiced them in the eyes of its officials; Dr. Griffiths, till he succeeded Bishop Bramston as Vicar Apostolic of the London District, had never been out of England in his life. And while they submitted themselves to the directions of “Hilltown”—as Rome was then called—they neither invited nor welcomed them. Their communications with Gregory XVI. suggest rather those between Innocent XI. and the Gallican prelates of his period than those which we may imagine to take place between a Pope and a diocesan bishop today. Gregory had

animadverted with asperity on a Pastoral Letter of Bishop Baines (1840); and, judging the Bishop's explanation inadequate, roundly charged him with "boasting and untruthfulness, from which great dishonour to the Apostolic See and the Christian religion may arise." The Bishop held his own, but with difficulty; for he narrowly, it seems, escaped deprivation. His example was held *in terrorem* over actual or possible delinquents however eminent. "It was the punishment of Bishop Baines to keep him at the door of Propaganda for a year," wrote Newman in 1863; adding — for he was in the worst possible odor at Rome at the time — "This is the prospect which I cannot but feel probable, did I say anything which one Bishop chose to speak against and report. Others have been killed before me." (*Life of Cardinal Newman*. Wilfrid Ward. I, 588.) Already under Gregory the weatherwise could foresee the tyranny which in the disastrous reign of Pius IX. swept away national and local usage, divorced the clerical from the lay mind, and under the pretext of unity made Catholicism a Roman rather than a world-wide or even a European force.

It was a time of stir and expansion. This was felt even in land-locked waters. What would come of it? Men saw visions and dreamed dreams. The Gothic revival was one of the many symbols of the prevailing enthusiasm. Pugin's *Architectural Contrasts* — a book which it should pay a modern publisher to reproduce, and from which Mgr. Ward gives us a characteristic illustration (that of the Chapels Royal at Windsor and at Brighton) — is a key to much that was in men's minds. Pugin was an enthusiast. He confused preference with principle. "How can you expect to convert England if you wear a cope like that?" he remonstrated with a friend who wore one of a Roman pattern; and the comment of a satirist on his extravagance was —

"The Catholic Church, she never knew  
Till Mr. Pugin taught her  
That true religion had to do  
At all with bricks and mortar!"

He would tolerate none but Gothic furniture; and his cook made his creams and jellies in Gothic moulds. When his wife, to his great satisfaction, was received into the Catholic Church, "the ceremony was grand and awfully impressive," said the local paper. "From either extremity of the side-galleries was extended across the chapel a handsome and tasty festoon of flowerets, from the centre of which was suspended a crown of the same materials directly over the head

of the convert." It must have been a grotesque sight. But he was a great artist; and his principle — that of the decoration as opposed to the concealment of construction (compare the Gothic timber roof with the flat ceiling or double dome of a classical building) — was sound.

Mgr. Ward's readers will be frequently reminded that we live in changed times. The service at the consecration of Bishop Griffiths (1833) occupied five hours; the dinner after the opening of Pugin's cathedral at Birmingham six. Dr. Wiseman often preached for two hours on end. The Bavarian Chapel was known as "The Shilling Opera" — a shilling being the charge of admission to the principal Sunday mass. A Catholic journal (1839) describes the performance:

"Signor Rubini sang the admired *Quoniam* with great effect. It was more like the warbling of a bird than mere singing, for it must have astonished as well as delighted the whole congregation, among whom were many Protestants. To say the most of the *Credo* in a few words, it excelled the *Gloria*, and was supported by Madame Persiani and Signor Tamburini, who came in during the sermon."

The "Goths" protested; plain-song and the pointed arch were twin sisters, and the good sense of men of the type of Lingard demurred:

"Has it not been our fate to hear a soprano *Incarnatus* attempted in falsetto by the bass voice of an eminent comic singer, whose very face irresistibly called up associations of mirth and conviviality? Have we not seen with our own eyes eminent 'artistes' walk arm in arm, and with much seeming gravity and decorum, into the choir of a London Chapel, although these very parties were at the time labouring under the world's imputation of living together in a state unhallowed alike by the laws of God and man?"

*Magis planctus quam cantus* is St. Augustine's rule for church music. Perhaps there is something to be said even for plain-song! But we live in more decorous days.

Another type of absurdity was presented by the Romanizers. Faber spoke and wrote of the Blessed Virgin as "dearest Mamma"; the Anglican Church, whose ministers many of them had been, was "Mother Damnable"; its clergy were "Bonzes"; its Eucharist "the Bread and Wine." He wore the Oratorian dress in public: "I walk down the street in my habit; and I feel that I dispel invincible ignorance wherever I go." The cult was one of sheer brutality. One of Faber's disciples, hearing of the death of a Protestant relative, made the announcement, "My sister is jolly well damned." The comment of Anatole France on religion of this sort suggests itself:

“C'est ridicule; mais c'est odieux.” Their indiscriminate idealizing brought “the ways of Rome” into contempt.

“The more extreme Romanizers even imitated the slovenliness prevalent there. They would celebrate mass in a rapid and careless manner, and would talk freely at the altar or in choir. Some even went such lengths as to spit in the Church, a practise which they said denoted the feeling of being at home there which a Catholic should have. One well-known convert allowed a small dog to run about his Church, declaring that the collar-bells had a devotional effect — his real reason being that in Rome dogs are not excluded from the churches.”

From the Reformation downwards there has been a persistent though thin stream — perhaps a more accurate word would be dribble — of secessions to Rome. The larger body attracts the smaller; and Catholicism appeals to certain temperaments outside it very much as the Synagogue appealed to the “foolish Galatians” of the Apostolic age. Tractarianism was the outcome of this attraction. Great as was the contrast between the two, it had points of contact with the Evangelicalism of the previous generation — an infallible book demands an infallible interpreter; and the Romantic movement gave it impetus; *in Tiberim defluxit Orontes*; the muddy Tiber received the muddier waters of the Thames. There were Catholics who viewed the transformation of the National Church with suspicion; it was Satan transforming himself into an angel of light. There were others who welcomed it with enthusiasm, and saw in it the promise of a second Spring. The most extravagant expectations were formed; the return of England to the Church, it was believed, was imminent. Pretended prophecies passed from mouth to mouth. It was an age of stigmatized nuns and thaumaturgist friars, of omens, miracles, charms, and amulets; an orgy of spiritual exaltation set in. The Vicars Apostolic, to their credit, set themselves against these follies. A letter written by Dr. Griffiths to Prince Hohenlohe (1842) dwells upon what has been since called the “leakage” — “we annually lose many Catholics from neglect” — and adds that “when we look at the whole population and consider the progress of conversions, we cannot say that there is a reasonable prospect of England’s return to the Church of Christ.” And in a Pastoral (1841) — “Scarcely shall we find a body of schismatics returning with sincerity to the true faith.” Gregory XVI., who, in the little leisure which the misgovernment of his subjects left him, dabbled in pietism, was indignant, and in a letter addressed to the London clergy allowed himself to apply the

“Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis”

of the poet to their Bishop. But the event demonstrated the fallibility of the Infallible. The Bishop was right, and the Pope wrong.

The converts were accustomed to draw invidious comparisons between the intellectual attainments which they believed themselves to possess and the alleged ignorance of the old Catholics. Such comparisons, the bad taste of which was obvious, were unjustified. The Oxford Movement as a whole lay outside the mind of its generation; the trained intellect of the time — the representatives of English speculation and science, the historians, the poets, the men of letters — passed it by. In the sense in which the word is used today neither the converts nor the old Catholics were educated; in its more restricted signification the advantage was at least not obviously on the side of the converts. Newman was the one great figure of whom they could boast; but, man of genius as he was, his knowledge, even for his time, was limited. Lingard, on the other hand, was a man of genuine learning; it is probable that he had forgotten more than all the converts put together had ever known. His opinion of the neophytes was poor. "Their Greek," he declared, "was confined to one branch of the language"—the composition of iambics—"and their Latin was as a rule beneath contempt."

In one respect the old Catholics were at a disadvantage. They had retained the less accentuated aspirate of an earlier generation; and their pronunciation was apt to degenerate, even in men of good social position, into the habitual omission of the letter H. The late excellent Bishop Ullathorne was an example. An ill-trained acolyte, being directed at a function to put on the mitre, himself assumed the episcopal headgear. The Bishop interposed: "Not on your 'ead; on my 'ead." Nor did he confine himself to the omission of this unfortunate letter where custom prescribes it; he would supply it where it was not required. He once found himself, it was said, in a railway carriage with Samuel Wilberforce, who, seeing his dress, remarked, "I think we are both Bishops." "Hi am a Bishop," was the emphatic answer; and the conversation dropped. On Wiseman's death his name was spoken of in connection with the Archbishopric of Westminster; but Propaganda was informed that this trick of pronunciation would make the appointment undesirable. Cardinal Barnabò, then Prefect of Propaganda, enjoyed the joke hugely. "C' e una certa lettera *Acca*" (H), he went about saying, "la mancanza di cui e un peccato mortale fra gli Inglesi"; and, the Italian H being silent, he regarded this as an additional proof that the English were mad. But Manning got the preferment. "Events momentous spring from causes least." It is one of the

ironies of history that a possibly not unimportant factor in the Vatican Definition of Papal Infallibility, in which the convert Archbishop played so prominent a part, was Dr. Ullathorne's misplacement of the letter H.

A more important matter was the relation between English and Irish Catholics. During the struggle for emancipation they had, though not without difficulty, made common cause. After 1829 they fell apart; the English, with the majority of the converts, being conservatives, and the Irish, though not in any sense Liberals, democratic. The English Catholics bitterly opposed the land agitation in Ireland, and professed to be scandalized by the indifference of the Irish clergy to the crimes by which this agitation was accompanied; the Irish charged the English with ingratitude. The *Tablet* — *quantum mutatus!* — under Lucas denounced the Catholic families as “a corrupt heap of religious indifference, of half-faith, of cowardice, of selfishness, of unmanly impotence.” This antagonism remains to this day; and, as the great majority of Catholics living in England are either Irish or of Irish origin, no little friction has been, and is, the result. At a meeting of a Catholic conference in a northern industrial centre it was thought impossible a few years ago to have the National Anthem played. In the present war the Irish, with few exceptions, are staunch in their support of the British Empire; and it may be hoped that under new conditions the division which separates the two sections of the Catholic community may be overcome. But tact is called for; and tact is a rare quality. It cannot be said that it has always been shown on either side.

The leading figure of Mgr. Ward's period (1830–50) is undoubtedly that of Dr. Wiseman. It is difficult for those whose knowledge of the Cardinal comes from the record of his later years, when his energy was impaired and his health failing, to realize how able and distinguished a man he was. Born in Spain of Anglo-Irish parents, educated at Waterford, at Ushaw, and finally at the English College at Rome, of which he was President (1828–40), his reputation for scholarship — he was an Orientalist of some distinction — brought him into contact with foreigners of note who visited Italy; and his duties as agent for the English Vicars Apostolic gave him a considerable acquaintance both with English Catholicism and in general with affairs. No preparation could have been better calculated to qualify him for the high office which he was to fill in later life. The various forces whose action and reaction affected the Catholic community in this country — Irish and English, Catholic and convert,

Gothic and Roman, foreign and domestic — he was at home with and had personal knowledge of them all. No one else could have held them in hand, and to no one man does English Catholicism owe so great a debt.

Browning's Bishop Blougram, of which he was the original, did him an injustice; he was a sincerely religious man. He had, however, certain palpable foibles—there was a lobster-salad side to him, it was said, as well as an ascetic; and his undisguised delight in the state and paraphernalia of the Cardinalate gave a certain plausibility to the picture, by which he was deeply mortified, and of whose unfairness those who knew him best were best aware. Perhaps no better illustration of his two sides could be given than, on the one hand, his famous pastoral "Out of the Flaminian Gate of Rome" (1850)—windy, bombastic, and pretentious; and on the other hand, his later *Appeal to the English People*, whose vigorous good sense went far to atone for the original error in taste and judgment.

The epigram of Robert Scott, the lexicographer, on the new hierarchy may be quoted in conclusion.

Cum Sapiente Pius nostras juravit in aras.  
Impius, heu Sapiens! insipiensque Pius!

It may be thus Englished:

Pius and Wiseman 'gainst our altars rise.  
Oh unwise Pius! and oh impious Wise!

With the establishment of the diocesan episcopate a new era opened; the traditions of "the persecuted remnant" were closed.

ALFRED FAWKES.

ASHBY ST. LEDGERS, RUGBY, ENGLAND.

**LIVES OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.** Second Series. The Martyrs declared Venerable. Vol. I. 1583-1588. Edited by EDWIN H. BURTON, D.D., and J. H. POLLON, S.J. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1914. Pp. xxxix, 583. \$2.50.

The men whose tragic fate is here described were certainly in a position of as great difficulty as have been any in the history of the church. Convinced of the necessity for salvation of Roman obedience and anxious to minister its sole life-giving sacraments, as they esteemed them, to the persecuted adherents of Rome in their native